

SPAWN





TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

salvation road - part IV

DEDICATED TO
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PLOT
TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY
BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS
ANGEL MEDINA

INKS
DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA
ALLEN MARTINEZ
CRIME LAB STUDIOS

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SPAWN 123 SUMMARY

Al is a grateful man. After so many years of living with his chosen destiny as a Hellspawn, he'd forgotten the simple joy of being human; however, he should choose his new friends more carefully, since the Wiccan, Nyx, has plans for Al that look unpleasant at best. As Jason Wynn is being interrogated for information about Al Simmons, he is getting advice from the long-absent, opportunistic and apparently invisible Clown. With the Clown's help, Wynn appears not as crazy as originally thought. Meanwhile, Al has a dream that turns into a real-life nightmare as he awakens to find himself physically restrained with Nyx, his new best friend, about to plunge a knife into his chest.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



SPAWN.COM

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YOU
HAVE TO
TRUST ME,
AL...

I'M
DOING THIS
FOR
YOUR OWN
GOOD.

THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING,
CAN IT?

I DON'T
KNOW
WHO I AM.
I DON'T
KNOW
WHERE I
COME FROM.

NOW I'M
GOING TO
DIE.



I CAN'T
REMEMBER
ANY PART
OF MY LIFE
THAT
HAPPENED
MORE THAN
A FEW DAYS
AGO, AND
NOW...



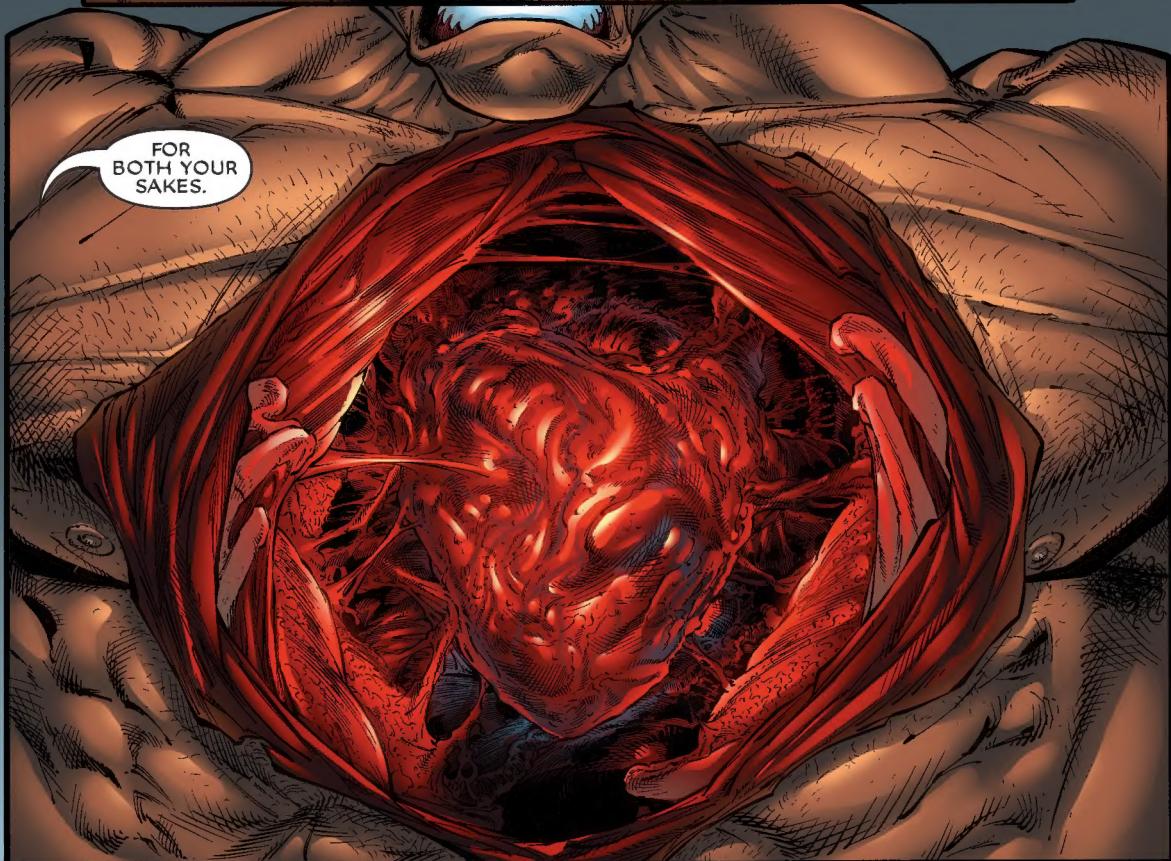
I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO EXPLAIN IT, BUT
SOMEHOW YOU WERE SPLIT
IN TWO, SEPARATED FROM
YOUR OWN SHADOW.



BUT IT'S
PART OF
YOU. YOU CAN'T
LAST LONG
WITHOUT IT.



IT
NEEDS
TO BE
REUNITED
WITH
YOU.



FOR
BOTH YOUR
SAKES.



I CAN HEAR HER TALKING, BUT THE WORDS FALL AWAY SOMEHOW. I CHOKE BACK VOMIT AS I FEEL THE COOL AIR ON MY BEATING HEART.

THIS IS WORSE THAN A NIGHTMARE. THIS IS **HELL**.



THAT **THING** AT THE END OF THE BED, THAT **MONSTER**. I KNOW IT FROM SOMEWHERE.



AND I KNOW THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD I FEAR MORE.



IT REACHES OUT AND TOUCHES ME WITH VILE, BLACK LITTLE TONGUES.



IT SLIDES ACROSS MY FLESH AND ALL OF SUDDEN IT STRIKES ME: DYING MAY NOT BE THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD.





TRY NOT TO SQUIRM. WE WANT TO GET THIS RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.



THE THREAD IS SPUN FROM BLIND SPIDERS, BORN IN THE DARKNESS WITHOUT EYES.



MY HEART?!



PLEASE! PLEASE LET ME DIE!





THE FLOODGATES OPEN AND I CAN REMEMBER. I CAN REMEMBER IT ALL.

LIKE A GIANT WAVE, IT CRASHES DOWN OVER ME. SUSPENDED IN EVERY DROP IS A MOMENT, GLITTERING LIKE A DARK STAR. IT COMES TO ME ALL AT ONCE.

THIS WAS MY LIFE.

NO. THAT'S NOT TRUE. I HAD TWO LIVES.

I WAS AL SIMMONS.

I WAS SPAWN.

THAT THING, THAT CREATURE I WAS RUNNING FROM... THAT WAS ME.

THAT'S NOT MY SHADOW SHE'S SEWING ON TO ME.

IT IS MY DEMON.

TIME SLOWS TO A DRIP NOW,
PAIN SHOOTS LIKE LIGHTNING
DOWN MY SPINE. HOT TEARS
RUN DOWN MY FACE.

I'VE BEEN LIVING IN
IGNORANT BLISS, BUT
NO MORE. THE SCALES
HAVE BEEN LIFTED
FROM MY EYES...

EVERY CRUEL ACT,
EVERY CARELESS
MISTAKE I'VE EVER
MADE IS SPAT
BACK IN MY FACE
TO SAVOR.

WANDA. CHRIST,
SHE DESERVED
BETTER THAN ME.

THE REDEEMER. HE JOURNEYED
TO HELL TO SAVE ME AND I LEFT
HIM TRAPPED THERE. DIDN'T SO
MUCH AS LIFT A FINGER
TO SET HIM FREE.

FORSBURG. SWALLOWED BY THE
SHADOWS OF HIS OWN MADNESS.
I SAID I WOULD COME BACK
TO RELEASE HIM.

I LIED.

I KILLED WITHOUT
FEELING, WITHOUT
REGRET, WITHOUT
QUESTIONING.

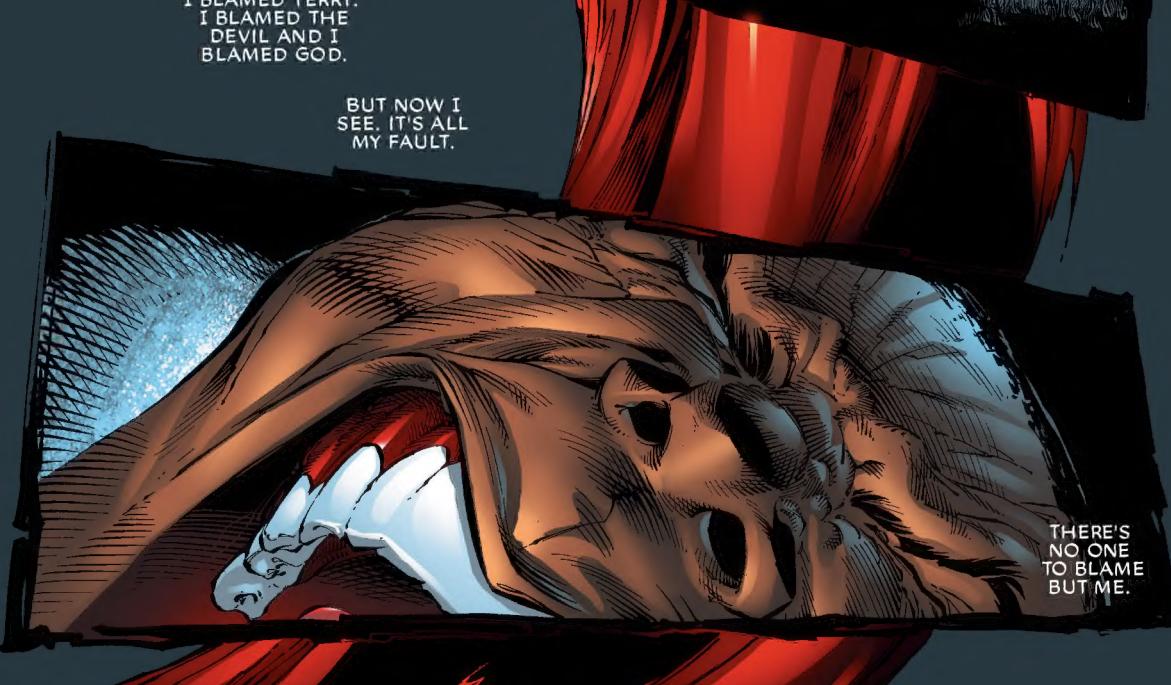


I SPURNED
THE FAITH
OF THOSE
WHO LOVED
ME JUST SO
I WOULDN'T
BE ALONE
IN MY PAIN.



I CAUSED SO
MUCH SUFFERING.
AND NOW IT'S
COMING BACK
TO ME.

OVER AND
OVER AGAIN.
AS A MAN...
AS A
MONSTER...



I BLAMED WYNN.
I BLAMED TERRY.
I BLAMED THE
DEVIL AND I
BLAMED GOD.

BUT NOW I
SEE, IT'S ALL
MY FAULT.

THERE'S
NO ONE
TO BLAME
BUT ME.

HANG
IN THERE,
AL.

ALMOST
DONE.

THERE.



KRAKSH!

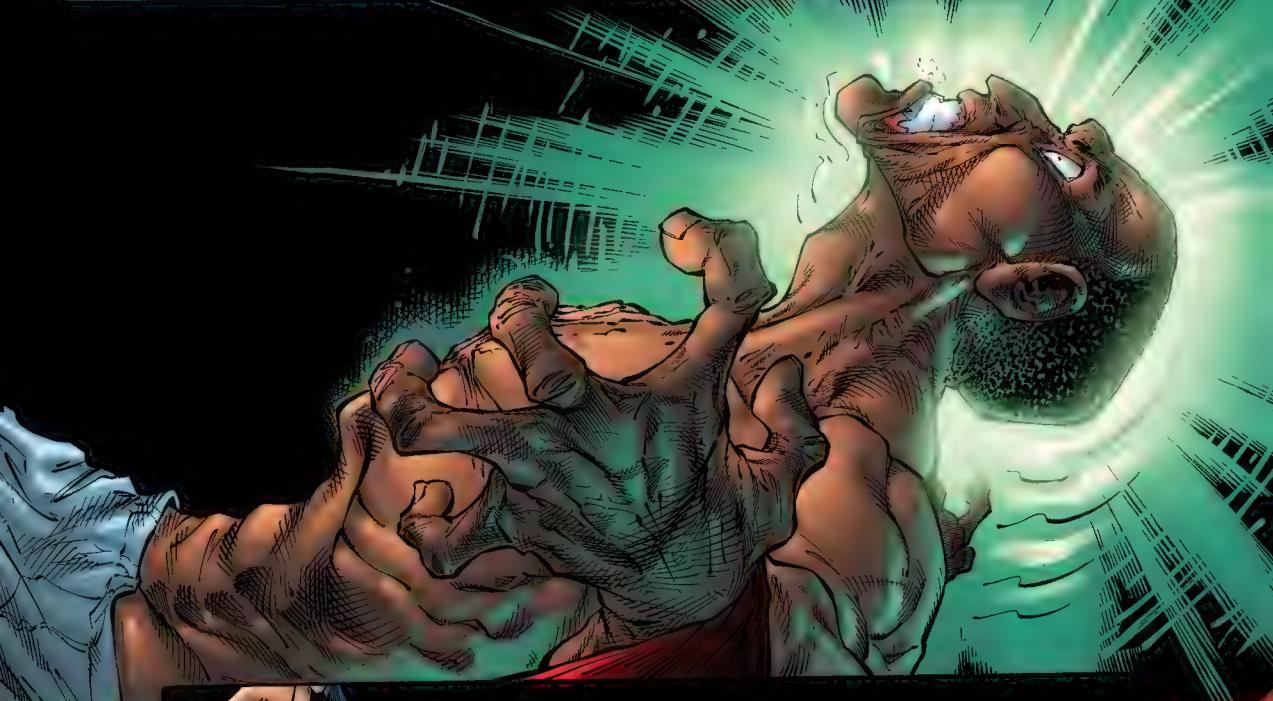
BA-DA-THOOM!

RRRRRRRUMBLE

KRASH!



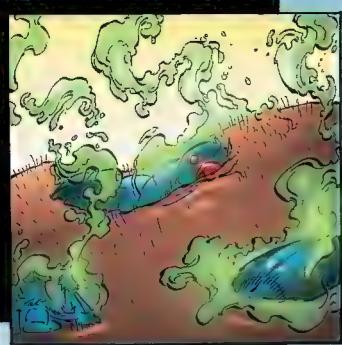
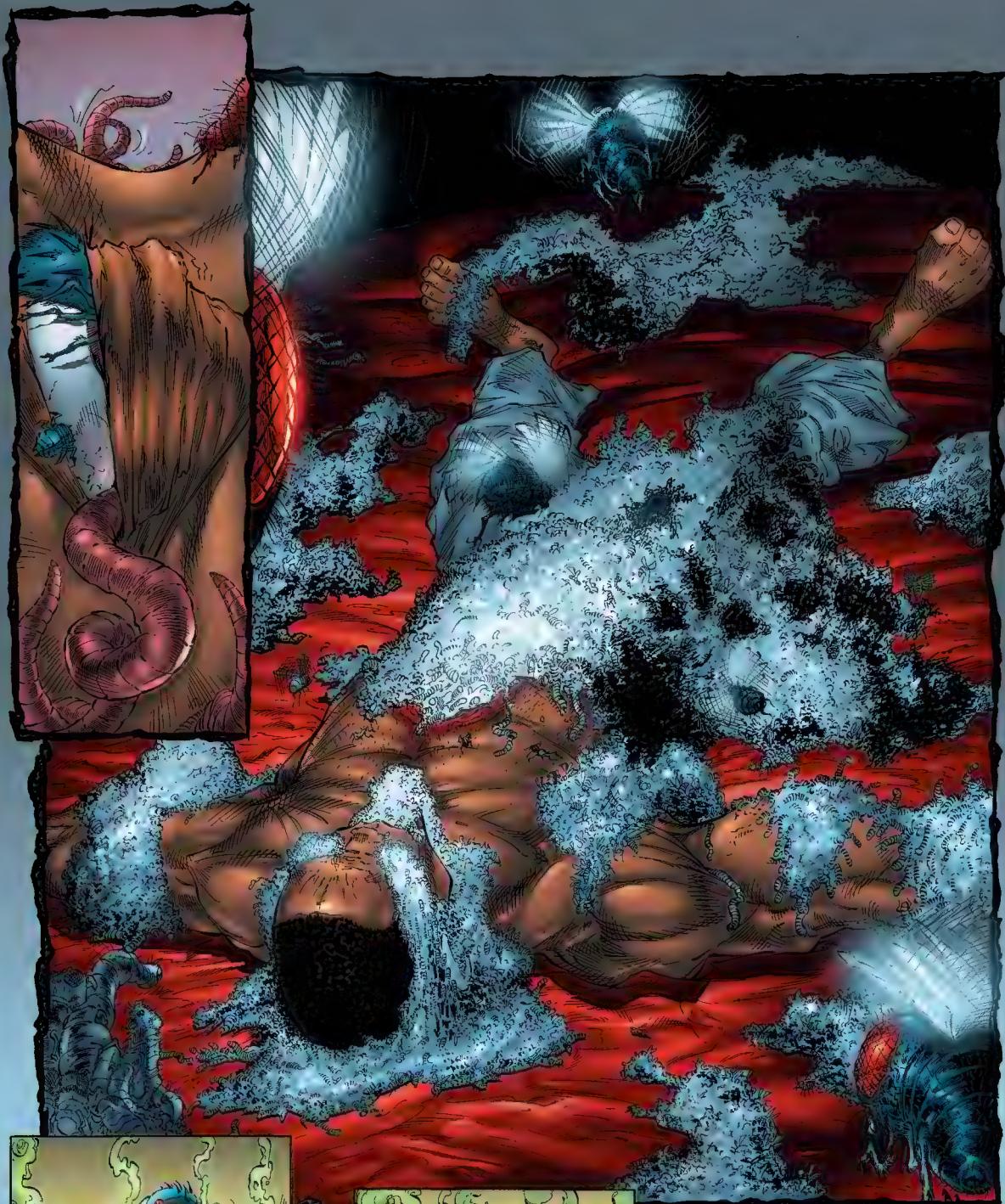
OH
MY GOD.
WHAT WERE
YOU?



AL...
AL CAN YOU
HEAR ME?













WHAT
THE
HELL
DID YOU
DO
TO ME?



I WAS
TRYING
TO HELP
YOU.



I...
I DIDN'T
KNOW.



HELP
ME? LOOK
AT ME! LOOK
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE!



CHRIST,
WHY COULDN'T
YOU HAVE LEFT
ME ALONE?





WOULDJA
LISTEN
TO THIS *DOPE*
NATTERING
ON AND
ON?

COME ON
J.W. LET'S BLOW
THIS *GIN JOINT*
BEFORE I'M
FORCED TO TAKE
A *DUMP* IN HIS
MOUTH.

ANYWAY, WE
TRUST YOU WILL
BE QUITE SATISFIED
WITH YOUR *NEW*
POSITION.

YOUR SECURITY
CLEARANCE WILL BE
UNDER REVIEW FOR THE
TIME BEING, OF COURSE,
BUT THAT'S JUST A
FORMALITY.

BEST OF
LUCK TO
YOU, MR. WYNN.
NO HARD
FEELINGS.

WHAT
A TEDIOUS
LITTLE
MAN.

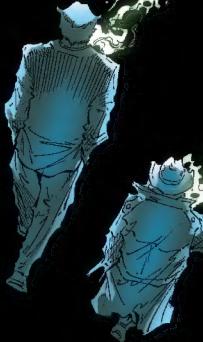
NO KIDDING.
IT'S GONNA TAKE
A MONTH TO SCRUB THE
SMOOCH MARKS OFF
YOUR CABOOSE, SO PAL,
WHAT'S OUR NEXT
MOVE?

I IMAGINE
WE CAN DO
JUST ABOUT
ANYTHING WE WANT.

GOOD
ANSWER,
JASON.



I THINK
THIS IS THE
BEGINNING OF
A BEAUTIFUL
FRIENDSHIP.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE

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